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HIT BY A SHELL.
A Writer in a Boer Engagement Describes His Feelings.

Soon their gunners got our distance, and shells were screaming and bursting over the convoy, says Robert McCaw in "A Prisoner With De Wet" in the National Magazine. Several wagons in front of us were blown up and the oxen scattered in writhing masses on the road. The Kafir who led our team took fright and bolted, the oxen swerved as a shell burst in front of them, and the wheels suddenly going into a deep rut, the heavy wagon turned completely over, grinding me beneath its weight. My head bursting, I was falling down through blackness in the midst of a thousand crimson serpents. Somebody held my heart in his hand, was squeezing it, and then—Thank heaven, this is death!

Agas after there was a roaring of waters far beneath me. Then it thundered on my naked brain. A faint star was shining somewhere. It rushed toward me, growing bigger and bigger, until I was swallowed up in it—and my eyes were open. The wagon was righted. I was dripping wet, for the drivers had thrown water upon me. I heard the boom of the guns and the crash of bursting shells. I tried to rise, but my head seemed to float away from me and I felt myself striking the ground, but I did not feel myself falling. They lifted me on the wagon, and the oxen moved off. My head and face were sticky with thick blood and dust, and I was in such pain that I did not know where the pain was.

READ A GOOD BOOK OFTEN.
But Let the Intervals Between Readings Be Fairly Long.

So great has been the affection of readers for the books that have given them delight that literature is full of proofs of gratitude toward noble books. There have been countless comparisons and metaphors used to make clear the relation between the book and the reader. Perhaps the most original was hit upon by Coleridge, who compares an excellent book to a well chosen and well tended fruit tree. He says, "We may recur to it year after year, and it will supply the same nourishment and the same gratification if only we ourselves return to it with the same healthful appetite." But, though his simile pleases the fancy, it does not quite satisfy the judgment. While the fruit of a tree must yield much the same flavor always, the gratification we experience from reading must always differ according to the condition of mind of him who reads. It has been said that a traveler can bring home only what he takes with him, which means that the pleasure derived from traveling is entirely dependent upon the capacity of the traveler's mind. One's taste may change and one's ability to understand and appreciate is constantly changing, all of which points the moral that it is an excellent thing to read a good book often, provided the intervals between readings are fairly long.—St. Nicholas.

It was a reporter with some humor who stated that at the end of a local party "the guests went home and the neighbors went to sleep."

Mary Ann—I've come to tell you, mum, that th' gasoline stove has gone out. Mistress—Well, light it again. "I can't. Sure, it went out through th' roof!"—Exchange.

WORD ORIGINS.
Some Old Meanings That Are Now More or Less Obsolete.

"Many persons," says a college professor, "elbow their way through the world and yet cannot tell why their own elbows are so named. They forget that the syllable 'el' was once our name for arm and then for a measure of an arm's length, a sense that is plain still in the proverb, 'Give an inch and he will take an ell.' In the light of this obsolete meaning 'elbow' is clearly armbow, the bend of the arm. 'Finger' is allied to 'fang,' and so means a grasper, and 'hand' has a similar sense because from the same root as 'hound,' the game grasper, and with 'apprehend.' 'Nail,' being from the same root as 'nag,' teaches that nagging is a figurative scratching with the ends of the fingers. 'Wrist' is what wrests or turns the hands and is plainer when we find that 'foot wrist' was an old name for ankle. 'Vertebrae' are also turners, the bones on which the body turns round horizontally, while haunches, literally 'bends,' analogous to 'hinges,' are what it turns upon up and down. 'Instep,' if still spelled as once it was, 'instoop,' would describe itself as the foot's stoop or bend inward to the ankle.

"Muscle," which means mouse, takes its name from its shape, and the ends which stretch it are tendons, which is Latin for stretchers. Beginners in Latin are pleased to learn that the uvula, at the root of the tongue, means a grape cluster; that the clavicle, which locks up the chest, means key; that a certain vein is called jugular, meaning pertaining to a yoke, because near the yoke of the right and left ribs. 'Nose-trill' is nose drill, for it pierces the nose as drills do rocks. 'Artery' etymologically is an air tube and so perhaps was once pronounced airtry. No blood being found in arteries after death, it was natural, since nature abhors a vacuum, to think those empty vessels to be air pipes or ducts for vital spirits which were quite distinct from that in the veins.

"Muzzle" is not a dignified word for mouth, but it has an origin and relations worth knowing. It means a biter and is cognate with 'morsel' and 'remorse.' 'Muzzle' is a biter, 'morsel' is an after bite. Instead of transferring from Latin the phrase 'remorse of conscience' Anglo-Saxons translated it the 'again bite of lawit,' the title of an ancient poem dating from the year 1340. 'Jaws' would be a plainer word if spelled now as it was in our Bible of 1611—that is, 'chawes'—I will put hooks in thy chawes."

Bench, Bar and Beard.
The regulations for shaving observed in the bench and bar probably come down from Roman times, and the history of the custom among that people is a curious one. Pliny says that beards were universally cultivated as a matter of course till about 300 B. C., when Sicilian barbers, who probably acquired their art from Greece, first came to Rome and Scipio Africanus set the fashion of shaving every day. Thenceforward it became so much the vogue in good society that the term paribus, outlandish, was long supposed to mean bearded, in allusion to the unkempt hair of uncivilized nations. Increased accuracy in etymology has shown the real meaning to be akin to balbus, stammering, in allusion to their uncouth speech. For three centuries barbers had it all their own way in Roman circles. Then came the Emperor Hadrian, who, as Plutarch affirms, grew his beard to hide some ugly scars, and forthwith it became the mode. Lawyers and priests, even more conservative in their observances than other folks, continued to shave; hence, it is supposed, came the traditional practice of the English bar, through the law courts of Italy and France.—London Globe.

"Fake" Sailors A-plenty.
"Fake sailors," said a naval officer, "work more harm to the reputation of Jack ashore than the real man-of-war's man is able to overcome by the strictest regulation of his conduct when on land. The navy is popular, and its sailors are popular, and, realizing this, there has sprung up a pan-handlers' contingent whose regular business is the impersonation of Uncle Sam's bluejackets.

"Somehow they manage to get possession of castoff naval uniforms. Sometimes, failing that, they go even to the expense of having uniforms made after the naval pattern. Dressed in these, they do a profitable business. Their ship has just sailed without them, and they want money to join her at Newport or they will be court-martialed. Some want only enough money to get to the navy yard, where they must report at once. And so on with all sorts of plausible stories. When you see a man in a navy uniform begging, take my word for it he is a pan-handler and not a man-of-war's man."—New York Press.

Caused Loss of Sleep.
"How do you get along with your new chief of department?"
"Oh, only so so. He causes us many sleepless office hours."

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before and lost them.—Lava-ter.

A WELL KEPT SECRET.
How the Keeper Managed the Church and Town Hall Clocks.

The old watchmaker of a small town in the west of England recently retired, and the contract for keeping the church and town hall clocks in order was given to his successor. Unfortunately from the start the new man experienced a difficulty in getting the clocks to strike at the same time. At last the district council requested an interview with the watchmaker.

"You are not so successful with the clocks as your predecessor," he was told. "It is very misleading to have one clock strike three or four minutes after the other. Why, before you took them in hand we could hardly tell the two were striking. Surely you are as competent as Mr. H."

"Every workman has his own methods, gentlemen," replied the watchmaker, "and mine ain't the same as H's were."

"I'm decidedly of the opinion that it would be for the general good if they were," remarked one of the councilmen.

"Very well, sir; in the future they shall be," came the reply. "I happened to write to Mr. H. last week about the trouble I had with the clocks, and—perhaps," he added as he produced a letter and handed it to the chairman, "you'd like to see what he said."

"Dear Sir (ran the letter)—About them clocks. When you get to know what a cantankerous lot of budybodies the council consists of you'll do the same as I did for fifteen years—forget to wind up the striker of the town hall clock, and the silly owls won't be able to tell that both clocks ain't striking together."—Tit-Bits.

OLD FAMILIES.
One of Them Claims to Reach Back Beyond the Flood.

The most ancient family in France, in so far as the tracing back of the ancestry in an unbroken line is concerned, is the royal house of Bourbon, which goes back to Robert le Fort, in the year 861. Next in point of antiquity comes the Rohan family, which for the last century, however, has been settled in Austria, the so called Rohans in France being not really Rohans, but merely Chabots, their only connection with the house of Rohan being by marriage.

Then comes the house of Narbonne-Pelet, the head of which is the Duc de Narbonne, who can trace his lineage back without interruption to the year 910. Of course, in making this assertion, I do not take into consideration the somewhat mythical claim of the Duke of Levis-Mirepoix to be descended in a direct and unbroken line from Jacob's son, Levi. He has among his family pictures one old painting in which the Holy Virgin is represented as requesting the former Duke of Levis-Mirepoix to put on his hat, which he had doffed in salutation, she being depicted as uttering the words "Couvrez vous, mon cousin." Another picture represents an ancestor of the Duke of Levis-Mirepoix navigating a small boat on the waters of the deluge, he being too exclusive and high toned to share the ark with the Noah family and its belongings.—London Chronicle.

Higher Chinese Education.
Many of our people think of China as a land of ignorant coolies who are so inferior to ourselves as to rise scarcely to the plane of human beings. The fact is that China contains a greater number of educated and cultivated people than any other country in the world. Their culture is not like ours, but it is based upon long study of literature, ethics and philosophy, and it has been transmitted through many generations. The Chinese have not well learned how to act together. Otherwise we should never have dared to treat them recklessly and unfairly.—Review of Reviews.

A Way Some Women Have.
I have heard that women are dishonest in the way of sending to milliners for boxes of hats on approval, keeping them for a week, and, when they return them with a note to say that none suits, the owners find that each has been worn once, if not several times, and this fact is betrayed by innumerable pin holes. I certainly myself have known women who are not above sending for clothes on approval, carefully taking the pattern and getting them copied by a cheaper dressmaker.—Lady Henry Somerset in Black and White.

A Smuggler.
Some years ago a tame long haired goat formed part of the regular crew of a passenger steamer on service between an English port and a continental one. After a time the customs authorities discovered that it wore a false coat many sizes too large for it. The goat's own hair was clipped very close. Round its body were packed cigars, lace, etc., and then the false coat was skillfully put on and fastened by hooks and eyes.

"He makes me so angry," remarked Miss Bute, "he's forever remarking to me that 'beauty is only skin deep.'"

"And when you get angry," remarked Miss Chellus, "it just shows him how thin skinned you are."—Philadelphia Press.

A PUEBLO LEGEND.
The Story of the Great Flood and the Monster Turtle.

The children of the Pueblo Indians have a Noah's ark of their own, and some of the animals it contains are very curious indeed—such animals, in fact, as civilized young people are not acquainted with. Among them are mountain goats, queer creatures of the cat tribe and prong horned antelopes. All of these animals are made out of clay and baked like pottery, after which they are painted in quite an artistic and lifelike fashion.

Like most other peoples, the Pueblo Indians have a tradition of a great flood. The catastrophe occurred long ago, when they lived in the ancient land of their forefathers. One day the earth began to shake and strange rumblings grew louder and louder until at length an opening yawned in the middle of the central square of the town. Out of the opening gushed a mighty stream of water, overwhelming the houses and flooding the valley, so that the inhabitants fled with their live stock to neighboring mountains.

Presently there rose out of the hole in the earth the head of a gigantic turtle, which towered to the very roof of the sky. Everybody was terror stricken, but the chief man of the town, whose name ought to have been Noah, plucked up the courage to ask the great reptile what it wanted. The turtle replied that it was hungry and that its appetite could be appeased only by the sacrifice of a young man and a young woman. There was nothing to do but to obey, and so a handsome youth and a beautiful girl were delivered up to the turtle, which took them in its mouth and sank with them through the hole. Immediately all of the water flowed away, and in the place where the reptile had appeared there rose up a large black rock, which, according to the myth, may be seen to this day, testifying to the truth of the story.

Unfortunately, the deluge left things in such a damp and uncomfortable condition, arid, despoiling all of the houses and most of the portable property, that the people thought it wisest to go away. So they started on a journey northward, the whole tribe of them, and the crane, which is a sacred bird, flew ahead to pick out the driest route. At length they came to the region which their descendants now inhabit and which is so extremely dry that the water supply is always a subject of anxiety.

Curiosities of Literary Worship.
The most extravagant instance of literary relic worship on record is said to be that of a well known Englishman, who constantly wears, in a small locket attached to a chain around the neck, a portion of the charred skull of Shelley.

Of late years a great many persons have visited the former residence of Victor Hugo to see a tooth of that celebrity which is kept in a small glass case with this inscription: "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, Aug. 11, 1871, at Vianden, in the gardens attached to the house of Mme. Koch, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

In the year 1816 a tooth of the famous Sir Isaac Newton was sold at auction by a relic monger of London and was purchased by an English nobleman for a sum equal to \$3,650 in United States currency. The buyer had a costly diamond removed from a favorite ring and the tooth set in its place.

The wig that Sterne wore while writing "Tristram Shandy" was sold at public auction soon after the great writer's death for the sum of £2,000, and the favorite chair of Alexander Pope brought £1,000 at a sale in 1822.

Meals In Java.
Breakfast proper is served from 7 to 9 o'clock, but the Dutch have no idea of breakfast, and it is a very inferior meal in the hotels, at any rate, consisting merely of bread and butter, both bad, slices of cold meat left from the previous night's dinner and eggs. The chief meal of the day is "dina," which is composed of a dish peculiar to Java—the rice table or "rya-tafel." This is a thing to wonder at. It commences with a soup plate full of boiled rice, which is handed round in large bowls and served with a wooden ladle. From ten to twenty dishes, all put on the table at once, are then handed round and some of each put into the rice or on a small plate beside the soup plate. These dishes include fish, fowl, meats of various kinds, curried eggs, fried bananas, shrimp fritters, omelet and curry, finishing up with chutneys of all sorts served in a large round dish divided into many compartments. This concoction is then mixed up and eaten with a spoon and fork. It is followed by beefsteak, almost raw, and fried potatoes, and this, again, is succeeded by dessert.

The Paris Froiteur.
Almost every one who has lived in Paris at some time or other made the acquaintance of the froiteur, whose sole business it is to polish oak floors. The typical froiteur is quite a character. He is urbane and patronizing. He confers an immense favor upon you by condescending to beseech your floors, but he has tact enough not to make you uncomfortable, and so long as you show a proper respect for the profession of which he is a member he is politeness itself. He never fails to take a great interest in his customers and knows all about their friends, their income and their private affairs generally. Idiosyncrasies of the Paris froiteur have their drawbacks, but, on the whole, the corporation is made up of very useful members of society, for whom their customers generally entertain a kind of amiable weakness.

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